















# Bill Grimm's Progress

H.C. WITWER

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Bill Grimm's Progress is a pictorialization by Film Booking Offices of America, Inc. (F. B. O.) of H. C. Witwer's stories of the same name.

## SYNOPSIS

Bill Grimm has risen almost to the top of his profession—heavy weight boxing. He has defeated all comers, and is now in direct line for a bout with the champion. His fiancée, Barbara Baxter, is responsible for his moral success, while his friends—Carlton Horne, Pansy Pilkington (Horne's fiancée) and Butch Ford, fight manager—are very fond of him. Jack Fairfax, Bill's enemy, seeks to cause his downfall.

I hadn't been a former actor either a fortnight or two weeks when Butch Ford, my manager, and several critics, signed me to trade swings with the heavyweight champ.

Under the watchful eye of Butch Ford and my chief handlers, Lefty Block, O'Brien, the former light-weight champ, and Shifty Jones, the big colored heavy, I plumped into what the sport writers call "the grueling grind" for my coming runs with the champion.

One afternoon Horne calls me aside after my daily workout with Shifty Jones. Wearing a green hat, your in sport, and smiling mysteriously, Pansy's clinging to Horne's manly arm.

"We're going to be married!" whispers Horne, with a marauding glance at the blushing bride-to-be.

I snapped into it and grabbed each of their hands, giving 'em a mighty squeeze.

"I don't know when I heard anything which tickles me more!" I told 'em truthfully, "unless it was the first time Barbara Baxter called me dear." I hope you'll both be as happy as—

"For Goshakes, look who's here!"

give him up, now that I know he has so much to lose for me!" "By all means marry him!" is Barbara's verdict.

"Hey, hey!" I approved. "Here's nobody's clown. He knows his turnips, and with you to make good for, Pansy, the boy can't mislead!"

"Oh, you're both so darned nice!" cries Pansy, and jumps up to grab our hands.

The bell buzzes once more again, and in a minute we got Mr. Carlton Horne, Esq., in our midst.

"Howdy!" I greet. "We just got done panning you!"

He smiles back kind of mournfully, and bends over to kiss Pansy.

"I wouldn't blame you if you had been," he sighs, sitting beside her. "This was the day I was going to throw two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in your proposed chain of shoe shops, Bill. Well, I couldn't put two hundred and fifty dollars in it now!"

"Nevertheless, we'll get that quarter of a million," declares Barbara calmly. "Let me tell you of a plan I've been concocting for days. I really think it's the solution of all our problems—at least, the immediate ones."

It was! Incorporate Ye Tiffin Shoppe as a company, with shares to be sold and nobby tea parties to be opened in all the big towns.

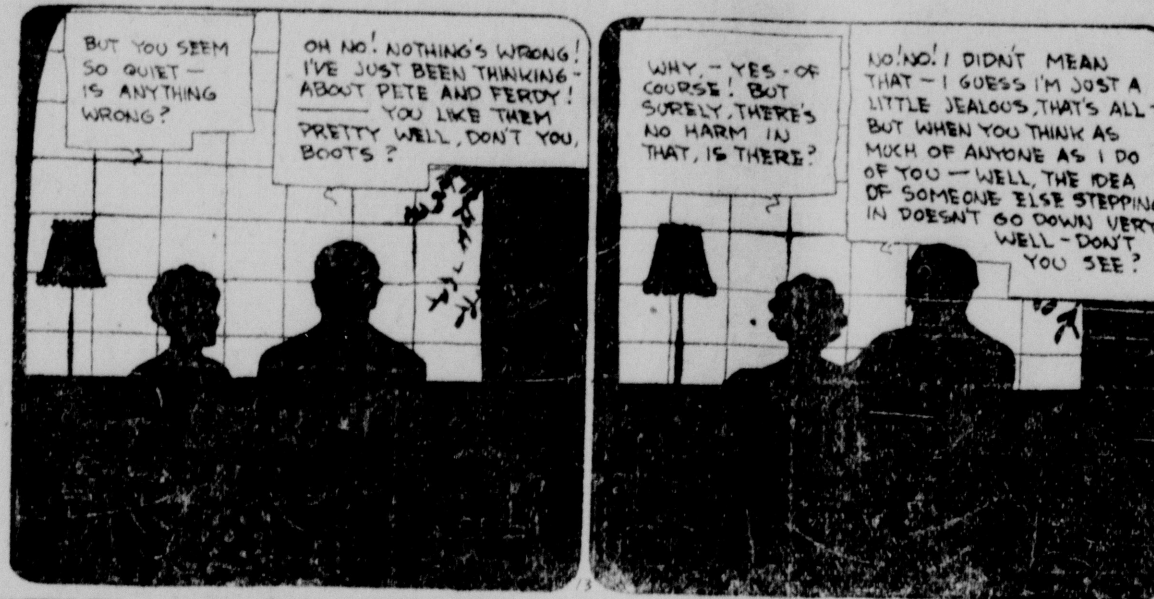
I was to be president—hurray!—and Horne, with his mammoth acquaintance among the wealthy rich, was to be in charge of promotion and stock sales.

Well, to make a short story longer, early on the very day I was to fight the heavyweight champion, Pansy and Horne come to the conclusions that they

## MOM'S POP



## BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



## FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



## Ignorance Is Bliss

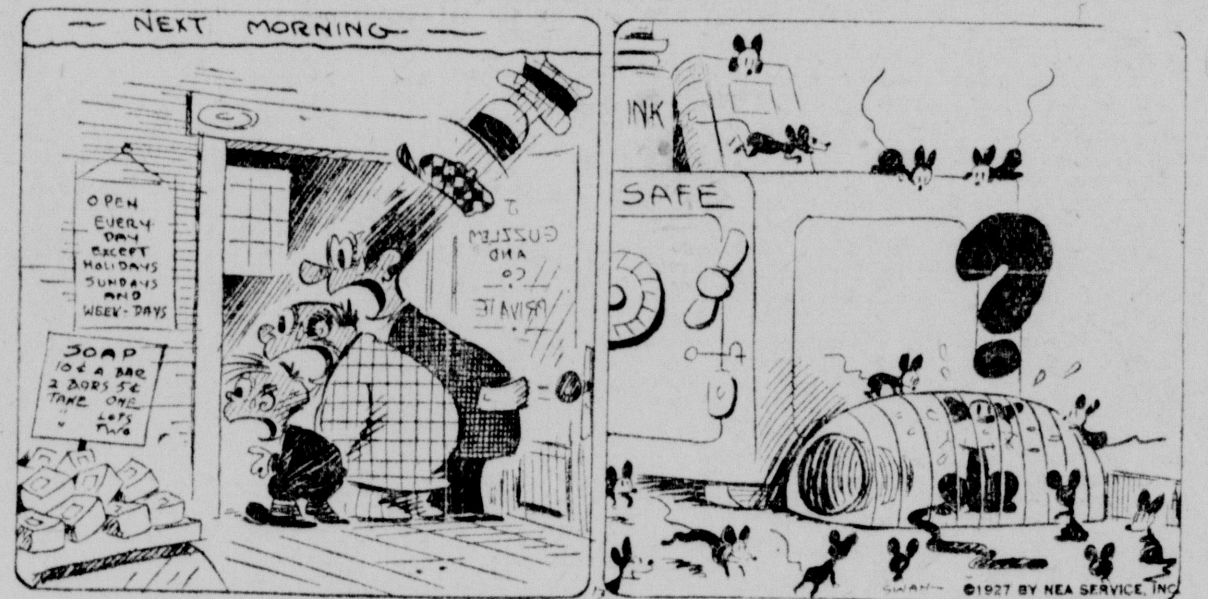


By Blosser

## SALESMAN SAM



## Wise Old Cat



By Swan

## OUT OUR WAY.

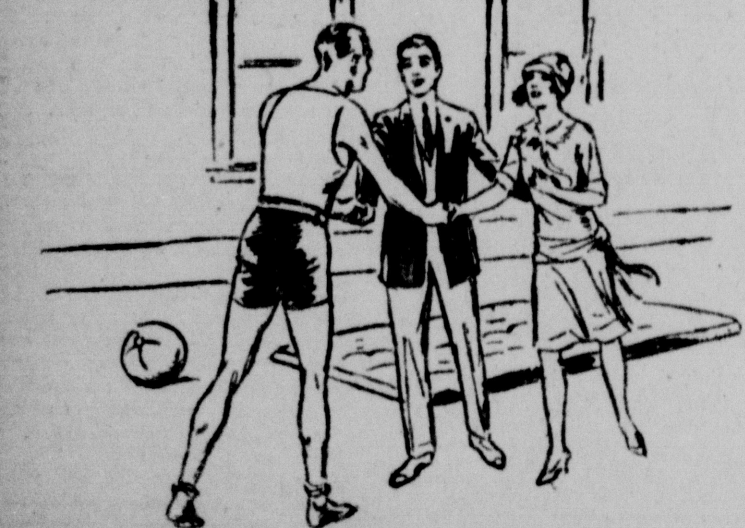


## BY WILLIAMS

## WASHINGTON TUBBS II



By Crane



I snapped into it and grabbed each of their hands...

suddenly interrupted Pansy, nudging me.

I looked and gnashed my teeth, which is bad for the enamel, but good for the nerves. Sauntering in through the doorway to the gym was nothing less than Jack Fairfax.

"Why, my dear fellow," Fairfax says, like he's highly shocked, "I cannot believe you seriously contemplate matrimony with a—with a girl from the Follies... more or less of a public character... a dancer who performs nightly in a costume, or lack of one, that is as glaring as her contortions on the stage! Think of your name, your social position, you—"

With a swift rush, Horne beat me to it. I'd just set for a punch, when his swinging right caught Fairfax flush on the mouth and that lying bound immediately dented the floor with his carcass. Calling Shifty Jones, I told him to house Fairfax with the water bucket, get him up and get him out.

What does this rally go do but sneak around and put Carlton Horne's proud old family hep to the fact that their son is about to enter wedlock with Pansy Pilkington as his accomplice. Fairfax then added his own description of Pansy, and before he got through Horne's people wasn't fit to be at large!

My boy friend continued to ace around with the young lady, and Fairfax soon reported this to Horne's father, which made good his threats by amputating his son's pig money. Young Horne put everything he had on the ball, and within a couple or three weeks he was getting past nicely.

One night I managed to slip away from Butch Ford and my handlers to pay Barbara Baxter a visit. This was no mean feat, for with a world's championship fight waiting me in the face three master minds watched every move I made like they was my mother and I was a four-weeks-old infant. I was hitting the deck, as the globe says, at five every morning and hitting the hay at nine every night.

However, speaking of chocolate eclairs, keeping me away from Barbara come under the head of cruel and unusual punishment, so I pulled a Houdini on my trainers. Dressed to thrill, Barbara greeted me with a kiss which made me wonder if I was cheating on Butch Ford—head warned me against peaking of anything interesting.

At that minute the bell rings, and Barbara excuses herself. When she come back I got a little surprise. She had Pansy with her. "Hello, Bill," says Pansy, which looked like she's been doing a piece of weeping. "Don't get up. I want you both to sit down and listen to me for a couple of minutes. I'll have to make it snappy, because Carl is to meet me here very soon. You know, of course, how his family has taken our engagement. Well, I don't intend to ruin Carl's life, and I want to ask you this—do you think I should

couldn't stay apart another second, so they decided to elope. Me and Barbara autoed with 'em to Greenwich, Conn., as witnesses to the praiseworthy deed.

In some ways Jack Fairfax got the wind of the elopement, but he didn't know just where these dare-devils had fled to. So through a sport writer friend of his he managed to get past the guards at my training quarters and soon picked up enough hints from my free-talking handlers to put him on the trail. He leaped in his costly auto and traced us to Greenwich, but Horne and Pansy was man and wife and we'd all left before Fairfax arrived on the scene.

We're rolling back to New York, with Horne stepping on the gas heavy to get me there in time for my argument with the champ, when—clunk—the bus quits like a dog on a lead. Horne hited up the hood, fiddled around with this, that and even the other, burnt his hands on the exhaust pipe, got himself full of oil and grease and finally announced he'd broke a connecting rod bearing. Not so good! There wasn't a garage for miles, and it certainly seemed like we was up against it.

All at once a familiar-looking car turns around a turn in the road and comes to a jorky stop beside us with a screeching of brakes. There was only the driver in it. Mr. Jack Fairfax stepped out.

However, we did take him up on his offer of a lift into town. We had to do that. Horne's car was out of commission, and I'd less than two hours to get to the city, reach the abattoir and climb through the ropes with the heavyweight champion of the world. It was no time for spitting hairs!

Fairfax was at the helm, and within a mile his maniacal driving had us all something more than nervous. With the speedometer needle quivering around sixty, we missed other vehicles by a eyebrow and dumb luck, shot past traffic stop signals, zigzagged from one side of the road to the other and took curves on single tire.

"P.H.—you must do something!" I believe Fairfax's conduct is deliberate. I— I just feel that his apparent intoxication is assumed and he has a purpose in making us think him drunk. Try to stop the car, quickly!

"Yes—try and stop it!" shouted Fairfax, who'd heard every word or guessed at it. "She's right; I know what I'm doing!" We skidded dizzily around another curve, barely missing a telegraph pole. Fairfax's face was a movie of fury. "You won't live to be Pansy's husband, Horne!" he yells. "And as for you, Mr. Prize Fighter, you'll never be able to get into the ring with the champion!"

"For Goshakes!" cries Pansy in a terrified voice. "You're not going to wreck us, are you?" "Watch me!" cackled Fairfax, like a lunatic.

(To be continued)

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